THE PACIFIC

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WHERE QUIET REIGNS.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the quiet of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fielce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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WAR.

The prophet Isaiah spoke of a time when men would beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning rooks and learn the art of war no more, but that time has not yet arrived for as we write, Italy is engaged in deadly struggle with Turkey for the possession of Tripoli. So far as we can see there is not a shadow of excuse for the war outside the greed of Italy that wishes to emulate England and France, the former of which has possessed itself of Egypt and Soudan and the latter of Algiers and a portion of Morocco. In all of this might is right. True it might be urged with some force that the Ottoman power stepped into Europe in the Dark and Middle Ages with the intention of conquering the world for Islamism and paid no regard whatever to nations then existing, nay, not to the rights of individuals, meeting out often indiscriminate slaughter to men, women and children, but two wrongs do not make a right, and just now war against Turkey seems out of place when the Young Turk's party is in fair way to make Turkey a Twentieth Century nation, and has treated Christians with a kindness and courtesy unknown before in the history of Islamism. Already Turkey is pouring out its vial of wrath on all Christians and the numerous missionaries in the empire are bound to suffer.

It is too bad that President Taft's efforts for universal arbitration cannot even meet the approval of the Senate of the United States. The millennium is not near enough for such noble efforts to succeed.

THE FAULTY READING OF BIBLE PASSAGES AS A PART OF THE CHURCH SERVICE.

It is indeed a lamentable fact that few ministers of the gospel know how to read well. In their school days, rhetoric and oratory had no part in general education, a perfunctory study of grammar being deemed enough for every purpose of life. But what seems oftentimes very strange, these same ministers will preach effectively, even eloquently, whfle they mouth their reading of the Bible, as though they were ashamed of the performance and were anxious to get through it as soon as possible. The fact is deep, dead earnestness will often make a man eloquent who knows not a single rule of the science of oratory, though, of course, he might make himself still more impressive did he know what that science taught, but in the reading of the Scripture, since here the fire of earnestness is not so apparent, the greatest care must be given to inflections, pauses and oratorical tones, if the full rich meaning of the passage is to be brought out. Some persons read as though there was nothing more required than saying the words, and the reading of such glorious passages for instance as Isaiah liii, and Job xxxviii in the monotonous, hum-drum manner eats out of such all the beauty, all the loveliness, all the force and meaning of the text. It is an absolute shame thus to murder the meaning of the sacred text.

The importance of placing emphasis upon the proper words will be seen in the following passage from King James' version Luke xxiv:25, "O fools and slow if heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." If the emphasis is put upon "believe," then the apostles were fools for believing the prophets, if it be put on "all' then they were fools for not discriminating for some things the prophets said were true and some false, if it be put on "spoken," then the prophets might have written truth, but they did not speak truth. This sentence requires only a slight emphasis on "fools" and an entire avoidance of it on all the words which follow.

If attention to emphasis is necessary to bring out the meaning of a passage it is equally necessary for the same purpose to use the inflections or slides properly. It is said that a certain clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal church was in heart exceedingly earnest, and moreover he prepared his sermons with the greatest care, but he saw little or no result from his preaching. He complained to the Presiding Elder of his lack of success, while he knew that he had preached with all the earnestness of his nature. "I will hear you next Sunday said the Elder." After service the following Sunday, the Elder said: 'My brother, the fault with you is that you use almost exclusively the rising inflection, and this inflection has in it the element of doubt, and you put it where you ought to use the falling inflection and somehow or other the people have unconsciously come to a conclusion that you are in doubt about the fundamental principles of Christianity and people are not going to be convinced of truths stated in a tone of doubt.

Then there are the rhetorical pauses, which are quite different from the grammatical pauses marked by punctuation points. The writer recalls a school of his youth in which the teacher did not appreciate this difference and felt it imperative that every reader should pause as long as one would count one at a comma, two at a semicolon, three at a colon and four at a period, and to force the pausing one member of the class stood as monitor to count out loud, and the quality of reading under such handicaps may be imagined and not described. The fact is, punctuation marks are for the purpose of setting off various grammatical modifiers and sometimes they mark a real pause and sometimes they do not, while the rhetorical pauses are real stops for the purpose of bringing out more fully the sense of the passage. Where such pauses should be must be learned from some work of elocution and one of the best for the general reader is a California production by John Swett, so well known as principal of the San Francisco High and Norman school, entitled "School Elocution." Every

minister of the gospel should have one of them and should thoroughly learn and practice its contents.

Some very ludicrous mistakes have been made from non attendance to pauses in reading. A number of years ago in the Fulton street prayer meeting, a slip was handed to the leader whose elocution was not equal to his piety. On the slip was "A man who has gone to sea his wife desires the prayers of this congregation for his safe return"; but the bungling leader read: "A man who has gone to see his wife desires the prayers of this congregation for his safe return." In Cooper Institute, the great Prof. Tyndall had delivered a remarkable lecture on Light, and a slip was handed to the president of the meeting containing the following: "I move you, sir, that the thanks of this audience be given Prof. Tyndall for making plain, things difficult," but it was read without the rhetorical pause at plain and the result was that the audience was called on to vote thanks to the professor for making plain things difficult.

Ministers of the gospel owe it to themselves, to their congregations and to Him who has called them, to render effective not only the sermon, but every part of the public service.

MODERN PURITANISM.

A Consideration of Present Day Christian Life and Conduct by the Rev. B. Gould, the pastor of the Congregational Church of Fresno.

(Just after the Dr. Torrey revival meetings were held in Fresno, a few months ago there was considerable discussion as to what Christian conduct should be in this day and age of the world. This led the Rev. Benjamin Gould to prepare and deliver a sermon in which he considered the question. So applicable is it to life everywhere that it is re-produced now in the columns of the Pacific.—Editor.)

"Recently in Fresno the controversy has again been raised as to what we ought to do and what we ought not to do as Christians? It has been said that either tacitly or avowedly that in order to be a Christian certain things must be given up. Certain pleasures must be abandoned. Given lines of conduct must be relinquished. There must be a reformation of a negative order in our lives, else we are not Christians. We have been told that there must be a great deal of lopping off, and cutting away, and much must be excluded from the realm of conduct and unless we fulfill these conditions imposed from without, then we have no right to call ourselves followers of Christ. All this has been said either in a direct and dogmatic way, or implied in ways a little more subtle.

"In certain minds it has produced a welter of confusion. Of that there is no shadow of doubt. That in itself does not justify us in saying that this line of argument is wrong. Many truths thus momentarily dismay and confuse. It is, however, a factor to be taken into account. When young men deliberately say, 'Have I to give up all this in order to be a Christian? Then I think the price is too big to pay.' It should be realized that that young man has reached an unhealthy point of view in his thought about religion and Jesus Christ. When young people are generally dismayed and in bitter warfare of soul between inclination, and these outwardly imposed regulations, it is time to stop and ask some questions. When people are deliberately saying 'I believe what he says is right but I am not strong enough to follow it out,' it does seem as though some investigation ought to be made. And all these things are going on around us at the present moment.

"Is there not at the outset a mistaken conception? Not that some of these pleasures, for instance, that have been condemned so fiercely, are wise and well. They may be wrong, but the question of their being right or wrong is, after all, beside the mark when the Christian life is being interpreted. This is so for two reasons. In the first place Christianity is essentially a positive thing. Where do we find our version of Christianity. Not in the word of any preacher, not in the dictum of any theologian, not in the message of the early fathers. Yes, I dare to say not in the Pauline Epistles. We find Christianity in Jesus Christ's life and teaching and character. You find it there and nowhere else. Only what you find there is Christianity.

"What purports to be Christianity, and is not there, we are safe in saying is not essential to the Christian life. Now then we find that Jesus Christ was always positive and constructive, and not negative. He did not say you shall not dance if you would follow me, and you must not smoke, and you dare not go to the theater, and you should not read certain books. That was not His attitude at all either to these things, or to the pleasures that were their counterpart in His day. He always defined religion in terms of life. To be a Christian with Jesus Christ was to live a life. 'The words that I speak unto you they are life.' It was living a life that issued in truth and goodness and character. It was the life more abundant that grew and expanded and developed. It was the life beautiful that gathered to itself every form of beauty about it. It was the simple life, as simple as that of a little child.

"But it was always life with Jesus Christ. It was not obedience to certain maxims and fulfilling certain conditions, but just the gaining of life. Did he not condemn given forms of evil? Of course He did. Just as the scientist and physician may warn you against germ and microbe so Jesus Christ warned with terrible emphasis against evils that threatened to destroy life. Only He did it not saying, 'Thou shalt not do this, that, and the other.' His prescription was rather just that of a scientist in relation to the microbe. It was more life. Your physician will tell you that the best possible preventative against disease germs, is not quarantine, is not any antidote, but good healthy, red blood in your veins. In a word it is abundance of life.

"And so according to Jesus Christ the best preventative against disease of the soul, is not artificially-made restrictions, not hedges erected about your life, but simply abundance of life. The life that is caught in the snares of sin and comes forth with a besmirtched character, is not that life that has not been instructed in these rules and regulations but simply that one who has lowered the spiritual tone of his being. That is the first mistake, the emphasis of a negative rather than a positive attitude.

"In the second place the rights and liberties of individual conscience are left out of account when this dogmatic position is taken. No man has a right to say what I shall do and what I shall not do. The right of decision between right and wrong is with me. And I have given up my manhood when I have surrendered it to anyone else. That is not to say that I can do just as I choose. That is a different matter altogether. My rights there end sharply at the line where other folks are interfered with. No line of conduct is right when it interferes with my neighbors' true liberties. The community, in the form of government is justified in stepping in, and curtailing my actions when I trespass in that

direction. But the moral power of decision between right and wrong is with me, and with no one else.

"It is true when I set out to define my own line of conduct, I ought to take into consideration the effect of that conduct on lives about me. Others have a certain right to seek to influence me in that direction. But they have no right to lay down dogmatic rules saying what I shall or shall not do. There are things that the common consensus of opinion declare to be wrong. There are many more things that are on the border land, and it is about these things that men are apt to be dogmatic. But these are things for me to decide at the bar of my own conscience. This is the second mistake that is made: failure to respect the rights of individual conscience.

"Whence did these things arise? How came men to take this negative attitude toward given things? To answer that question we have to take a lengthy journey. We have to cross the Atlantic to England, from whence the Puritan fathers came. We have to go back in history to the days of Puritanism. For it was there that this negative attitude toward given forms of pleasure took shape and grew. What was the Puritan conception of life? It was twofold.

"There is first its asceticism and its note of sternness. The thought of life as a joyful thing was excluded. All forms of pleasures were forbidden. Laughter was viewed with suspicion. A gloomy pall was drawn over the whole of life. It was viewed altogether as a thing of stern duty. There was also its intense reforming spirit. All forms of evil were put down with a strong hand. Truth was upheld at all costs. There was an intense zeal for righteousness and a passion for justice. Shams and frauds were not tolerated. The spirit of the times was incarnated in Cromwell when standing in the House of Commons and pointing to the mace, he said, 'Take away that bauble.'

"We are sometimes apt to deride the days of Puritanism. We look upon them as gloomy days from which it is a good thing to escape. This is a mistaken attitude. In one sense many of us may not be Puritans. We no longer look upon life as a gloomy forbidding thing. We no longer deem its pleasures and joys as inherently sinful. This negative attitude we have escaped from. We see life as a broader, fuller thing than the Puritan did. But in the positive sense of all of us who are true to our better selves are Puritans yet. We all want to see life purged from its evils. We want to see wrongs righted and unfairness and injustice eliminated. We want to see life made better and purer, and higher. In this sense we are Puritans. Here is a distinction we sometimes fail to draw. There is an unpermanent and transitory element in Puritanism that we do well to leave behind. There is in it also a deep eternal note that we do well to keep.

"But what was the real meaning of this attitude of Puritanism toward given forms of pleasures? In the first place what were they? They may be summarized under the head of Art, Music, Literature and the Drama. It will at once be seen that these related each to the other and that in part they overlap each other. There were other forms of pleasures that the Puritans condemned. But these in the main cover their negative attitude. The Puritan looked upon art and said, here is something calculated to encourage evil. Here is that which suggests to the mind thought of sin. So he banished from his home pictures and the artistic generally.

"He listened to music and said here is something seductive and sensuous so he confined himself to the chanting of Hebrew psalms.

"He reviewed the literature of the day and said here is something that leads men astray from the deep central things of life, so he gave all his attention to the Bible, forgetful of the fact that it was the greatest literature the world has ever seen.

"Since glance at the drama of his day seemed to convince him that it was altogether immoral and unclean, so he would have none of it.

"Let this be understood. The Puritan had some show of reason for this attitude. He discerned that they had come from rough and rude sources. That is a fact we should all realize. The first attempts at art were probably with a burned stick on some tree trunk. Music began with rude sounds produced by means of blowing through hollow trees. Literature had its beginning in hieroglyphics on clay tablets. The drama probably started on some village ash heap as pictured in the book of Job. But even more the Puritan saw the uncleanness which came through these things.

"In his day they had become foul indeed. They were the vehicles for the expression of every form of wickedness. Art was obscene. Music was vulgarly sensuous. Literature, much of it was filthy and the drama was the home of the vilest immorality. The Puritan turned from these things in sheer disgust and dismay. He said it is all wrong; it is all sinful. His heart trembled and he tried to dam up these streams altogether.

"The remnants and relics of this attitude are left with us today. We still have the survival of that spirit. When preachers advocate that in order to be a Christian you must arbitrarily exclude from your life many of these elements, they are unconsciously following the negative, puritanical spirit. A good Methodist bishop declared the other day that the statuary in the new Boston museum ought to be broken up and used to pave the streets. It has been vehemently proclaimed in our own midst that certain forms of pleasure expressed through the things are incompatible with the Christian life. This is its source. It is the survival of the old Puritanical spirit.

"Yet can these things be excluded? We can no more get rid of them than the air we breathe. They are a part of our very selves. Can you exclude art? Then you must shut God out of His very universe. You are as much justified in having a painting on the walls of your home as God is justified in shaping the landscape. Where did music come from? It came from the throbbing life about us. All its notes are imbedded in nature. And man has only imitated God in an ever-perfecting sense when he has made music. Literature is but man's attempt to voice the great thought of God everywhere inwrought into life.

"And the much disputed drama, the dramatic instinct in every one of our hearts. Would you exclude it? Then every time your child seeks to show you something by imitation and animated gestures check him because there is the seed of the drama. These things are a part of life's warp and woof and you cannot take them out of life without destroying its fabric. But even supposing these things were wrong is not this attitude of trembling and fear a mistaken one? You cannot protect a life by putting hedges and barriers outside the life itself. That only tempts the individual to climb over. Many a life has fallen a victim to the lurking danger there undoubtedly is in some aspects of the theater because it has been so fiercely forbidden as a whole. Had they been left to choose for themselves, then in all probability they would have arrived at a healthier and saner view.

But the only sure defense is a pure heart and an inviolate character. A letter came to me only the other day

from the mother of two lads. The boys wanted to pay a visit to a certain man, and the mother asked me to find out if he were a fit associate for her two lads. It was a worthy motive, but the truer protection for these lads would be to possess a character so trained in ways of righteousness, a mind so inflexibly bent toward truth that nothing or no one could deflect them from it.

"But with regard to all these things sometimes so fiercely condemned, is not the right attitude that of the enlarged heart? Said the prophet of the olden days when Israel's life was enlarging its scope, 'Thine heart shall tremble; you shall be afraid of this fuller, ampler life. Yet at the same time your heart shall be enlarged. You shall take to yourself the things of this fuller life. They shall become a part of you. Is it not that the picture of the right attitude of the church? It is not the church's duty to repudiate and exclude that which is an essential part of life. Art and Music, literature and the drama are not an excrescence. They belong to life's fabric and substance. You cannot take them from life without breaking up life itself. The church's duty is to take these things to herself and purify them from their evils. The church reveals a weakness when it says we are afraid of these things. We are fearful lest they should corrupt our life and lower the tone of spirituality.

The religion of Jesus Christ never once stands to curb and kill and normal human instinct, and the church shows a conscious loss of power when it condemns the out-working of a normal instinct. The church's place is to be strong enough to use every instinct of human life and to keep them in proper forms and in true relation one with the other. The church is never called to emasculate and weaken life by lopping off certain things that belong to it. It is called to make a broader, fuller thing and purify it from evil that may cling to it and then use it for highest and best uses. Rightly understood these things we have discussed can add to the life of the church."

LOST PROPERTY.

The Rev. J. H. Jewett, D. D.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix., 10.

"To seek and to save!" uest and conquest! "QTo seek"; the long, long, tireless pursuit! "To save"; the restoration, the convalescence, the perfect health! And all this about a man named Zaccheus, who was regarded as self-exiled from the pale of spiritual privilege, who was "out in the cold," and lived in the freezing isolation of social contempt. "The Son of Man is come to seek" . . . Zaccheus! In what delicate and subtle ways he had been seeking His man we are not told. I do not for a moment imagine that this was the first intercourse between Zaccheus and his Lord. I thing the "seeking" had been going on for many days; perhaps by friendly nods and recognitions, or in a thousand other ways open to the Lord of life and light. But now Zaccheus is found, and the joy of salvation is begun. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time for the singing of birds is come."

But now let us look at the words of our Lord from another point of view. "That which is lost." Any precious thing which is lost He came "to seek and to save." There are lost pieces of silver as well as lost children, and it is in the grace of our Lord to restore them. Even Zaccheus himself who has been found by His Redeemer, may lose many a precious piece of silver, and it is in the Lord that the lost piece must be recovered. And therefore it is not about "lost souls" that I wish to speak to-night, but the things which souls have lost, and which the Lord has come to "seek and to save." Let us look about in our common sphere for suggestions of common losses which mar and impoverish the Christian life.

"He has lost his early ideals!" And I will dare to put side by side the familiar expression the words of our Lord: "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." He is come to recover lost ideals. Now, what is an ideal? Interpreted literally, the word signifies something seen. It is something seen in idea, before it has been realized in practice. It is the architect's plan, before the laborer has put a spade to the soil. It is the finished pile seen in a vision, a vision which is to determine the laying of every brick and stone. The ideal which I hold of myself is just a vision of myself perfected. I see myself as I might be, I see myself in the finished state. The idea is my ideal, and it has a tremendous influence in my life.

Now two things may happen to an early ideal. On one hand, we may cheapen it. Anybody who has been concerned with the erection of a great building will know how frequently the building committee meet arounds the plans and discuss how it may be cheapened. "Cannot we leave out this bit of tracery? Is not that piece of decoration needless? Could we not level this tower and just leave it plain? And so the endeavor is to cheapen the architect's idea, and there are faithful members of the committee who continually resist the inclination. And so it is with our early ideals of life; they are radiant and beautiful, but, as the years pass away, we are inclined to cheapen them, and to make them less exacting, to render them more easily attainable, to denude them of the beautiful, and to reduce them to the commonplace. We hold before our life a lame thing, an imperfect thing, which is not well-pleasing to the Lord. Or, in the second place, our eyes may become so dim that we cease to see the ideal. There is nothing about which the Scriptures are more clear than the insidious peril of a man becoming blinded by the world. His eyes become scaled, and the ideal becomes as though it did not exist. The ideal is lost !

Now "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save" that lost ideal. It is in closer communion with Him that its glory will be recovered. "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim." In the inspiring company of the Lord we come to have the mind of Christ, and our eyes "shall see the King in His beauty." Our lost property shall be recovered.

"He has lost his enthusiasm." We all know the man There are hundreds of them in the common road. It is the man who began an enterprise with a tremendous passion which laughed at impossibilities, and reduced all obstacles to small dust. His enthusiasm made him like a motor, with fine horse power, which could take the hills as smoothly and easily as the level plain. He was "a burning and a shining light"; he had both light and heat, passion and discretion, and he was a great minister in the Kingdom of our Lord

But the passion began to abate. " Ye did run well! "What did hinder you?" The man began to "cool off." It is not that he has given up altogether, but that it is done grudgingly and with creeping reluctance. Progress has become almost stagnancy. We cannot run an engine with luke-

warm water. "Thou art neither cold nor hot." He has lost his enthusiasm. I have something against thee; thou hast left thy first love."

And again, let me bring in the evangel. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save" lost enthusiasms. He will take fire from His own altar, and transfer it to "these cold hearts of ours." He will bring His own passion to our indifference, His own fervor to our coldness. In Christ our lost enthusiasm can be regained. The fire can be re-kindled, and again we can burn for God and man.

"He has lost hope." Yes, that is a frequent loss in life! Men who lose hope about themselves may become despondent because of their own spiritual stagnancy, or the creeping slowness of their growth. They appear to be no bigger in stature than when they first enlisted among th disciples of the Lord. Or they are despondent because of the apparent futility of their Christian work. Men and women whom they have tried to save have deliberately preferred the city of destruction. If they have emergd for a short season they have speedily returned again to the mire. Or perhaps it is a mother despairing about her boy, and almost giving up the battle for his redemption. Or again, perhaps it is a social reformer who is beginning to think that the odds are too many, and he is inclined to bury his ideal in a lumber room, and take life more easily, and give more assiduous attention to himself. All these are types of men and women who have lost their hope, and who therefore lack the great dynamic in Christian service.

And again I bring in the gospel word. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save" lost hope. It is our close communion with the Savior that our hope will be reborn. "The God of hope fill you with hope." The only remedy for despondency is closer intmacy with the Christ. One feast with the Lord will put any man on his feet again. Let the Lord talk to you about His love and patience, and long-suffering, and His own hopes for you, and His own steadfast purpose to bring you at last to His own likenss! Let Him tell you of His pangs and sorrows about your boy, and about your scholar, and about your social enterprise. And while He talks to you your hope will begin to reemerge out of the earth-born mist, and fleetness will come again unto your feet. Your lost property will come back again! "We have good hope through grace."

And lastly, let me mention the loss of Christian joy. **"Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."** But I need not have gone back to the Psalms for this cry for a lost estate. Here is a cry nearer to our own time:

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?"

The early joy has become stale. The early delight has become a sunless exercise. And mark the peril of it, for "the joy of the Lord is our strength," and if our joy is impoverished our strength will be reduced. So here is a valuable piece of lost property! Thousands of people have lost the joy which was theirs when first they were converted unto God.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and save" lost spiritual joy. The New Testament is full of words which begin with the suggestive sylable "re" and every one of the words is significant of something being made over again, or being re-established in its original place. Restore! Renew! Re-create! Reconcile! Our Lord delights in this ministry of bringing things back, and of resetting them as in the mind of God. And so it is with lost joy; we can have it back again if we seek a closer fellowship with Christ. We shall discover our lost joy in Him. "My joy shall be in you," and the early experiences will crowd again to our gates.

There is a wonderful allegory by Nathanael Hawthorne, called "The Intelligence Office." Everybody who has lost anything makes inquiry at its door. A woman in her wedded life comes to ask about the lost affections of her courtship! An old man comes in quest of the lost and wasted hours of his youth! And so on, and so on. I know another office in which the Lord of Glory sits. If I have lost anything of infinite value it is well for me to enquire at His door He knows all about it, and He can tell me where and how to find it. There is no lost property once like the dwelling-place of the Savior. "Seek and ye shall find."

SEVEN CITIES.
THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS, THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

As Seen by a Vacation Wanderer.

4. Hartford—The Land of Steady Habits.

(From a Series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, pastor of Plymouth Church, Ookland.)

Before I speak of Hartford I want to say a few words with regard to the way they handle the liquor traffic in Worcester, Massachusetts. Hartford and Worcester are similar cities with about the same type of population; Worcester has 150,000 and Hartford 100,000 people. I do not know how the liquor business is handled in Hartford but investigated it carefully at Worcester. A few prove a success, however, in so large a city. The reaction came and liquor licenses are now granted. But conditions are better than they were before the temperance agitation and are better than in any city of the size that I know of.

To begin with, Worcester is in the State of Massachusetts and there is a state law limiting saloons to one for each 1,000 of the population. Just imagine such a law in California—it would mean that instead of having 399 saloons in Oakland we would have only 150! And fancy how surprised San Francisco would be to wake up some morning and find herself limited to 416 saloons in place of the present 1200 or 1500!

Masachusetts has a second state law called the "Bar and Bottle Act" which provides that no liquor can be sold in bottles where it is sold by the glass, nor sold by the glass where it is sold by the bottles. The idea of this is that it prevents a man from taking a few drinks at a bar and then loading up with a bottle of whiskey with which to continue his drunk outside. The situation in Worcester is about as follows: There are 125 liquor licensees issued including permits to hotels and restaurants. (This is about 25 less than the state law allows.) These licenses are of four kinds: (1) a brewer's license costing $3,000 a year; (2) a wholesale license costing $2500 a year; (3) a second-class license costing $1500 a year; (this corresponds to our regular saloon license.) (4) and what is called a first-class license costing $1,000 a year which permits the sale only of beer and light wines with a small percentage of alcohol. All saloons have to be opened to the street without screens and no chairs or tables are permitted. I was impressed by the fact that the saloons were mostly to one side and did not intrude themselves on the principal shopping and business streets. In fact I failed to discover any on the main streets but was told later that there were one or two. The editor of the leading even-

ing paper told me that public opinion was very strong on the subject of saloons and that no business or professional man who valued his standing in the community would think of entering one. With this interesting and suggestive report on the liquor traffic in Worcester, so much in contrast with conditions in California, I pass to the consideration of Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, "the land of steady habits."

We who live around San Francisco Bay have a very strong feeling of regard and gratitude for Hartford, for it is the home of the insurance companies which at the time of the San Francisco Fire paid dollar for dollar and Hartford has the steady habit of courageous and unflinching business integrity. Every time I go to Hartford I am more and more impressed with its beauty. Built on rolling hills beside the Connecticut, with more and better kept parks than any other city of the size that I know of, with its fine old colonial churches, its avenues lined with stately elms and maples, its beautiful homes, and at the heart of it the splendid State Capitol—all these things make Hartford one of the most attractive cities in the country.

Hartford has no great reputation for being radical or progressive but it has had a sound religious training ever since it was founded by the Rev. Thomas Hooker in 1636. Hartford Theological Seminary and Trinity College have stimulated its intellectual life, Horace Bushnell has given it breadth of sympathy and sweetness and light, and Mark Twain has lived in it and added to the New England conscience the saving grace of humor..

I have time to tell you about four things that interested me in Hartford. First, the Church Federation. The time has come for a United Protestantism to face the problems of the city and in Hartford the Protestant Churches have got together in a most admirable way. The Church Federation includes 27 churches and kindred institutions like the Young Men's Christian Association, the City Mission and the Charity Organization. This Federation is governed by a council which is responsible for all business and is made up of a minister and two delegates from each Church and one delegate from each kindred institution. This Council meets twice a year. Between meetings of the Council the work of the Federation is carred on by an executive committee, composed of the officers of the Federation and the chairmen of the various committees. The committees seemed to me to be particularly interesting because of their scope and breadth of interest in so many different sides of the City life. No man can call the Hartford Church Federation narrow as he looks over its scheme of work as indicated by the following committees:

Ist. Committee on Parish Plan. This committee works on the theory that each Church has a natural parish of its own within which it is responsible for the strengthening of moral and religious interests. Definite territory is blocked out and assigned to each Church and the Church is then encouraged to make a thorough canvass of its parish.

2nd. Committee on Religious Work. This Committee has in charge street preaching, summer tent meetings and evangelistic services.

3rd. Committee on Social Hygiene. This Committee seeks to secure proper education on sex questions and the enforcement of the law against morally destructive forces in the community.

4th. Committee on Public Amendments. This Committee is especially interested in the moving picture shows and in keeping all other public amusements up to certain standards.

5th. Committee on Sanitary Conditions. This Committee is working to secure laws and public opinion which shall improve the bad sanitary conditions in the tenement district of Hartford.

6th. Committee on Temperance.

7th. Committee on Sunday Observance. This committee did good work in the last legislature in behalf of an Act to secure a weekly rest day for all working people.

8th. Committee on Industry and Social Service.

A Federation with so broad a vision of the field of religion and of the responsibility of the Church certainly indicates that the Church is not unwilling or unable to adapt itself to the needs of the day in which we live.

The second thing which I remember about Hartford is the school gardens. These were started first of all by a Woman's Club, and, by the way, wherever you go in this country you will be surprised that how often you will be told that this playground or vacation school or other piece of civic welfare was started by some Women's Club. The school gardens which I visited are located in what used to be the private garden of the old Colt estate. Several hundred children in Hartford are in this way provided with small gardens where they raise all kinds of vegetables and receive practical instruction in planting seeds and caring for growing plants. The products of one of the smaller gardens cared for by 87 children reaped a total value of $365.00. Some of the principal crops raised were, radishes, $56.95; lettuce, $72.25; turnips, $25.32; cucumbers, $9.90; cabbage, $13.70; carrots, $63.49; egg-plant, $3.00. Some of these vegetables are very valuable. One man who stole three tomatoes had to pay $3.00 in court for them next day! The children who have the privilege of owning gardens are chosen from among the tenement houses and would have no opportunity to come in contact with growing things but for the increasing work carried on by the School Department.

The third thing which appealed to me especially in Hartford was the work done for children from tubercular homes. I was in the city during vacation time and did not see the regular school, but did visit a vacation school which is maintained in a tent pitched out on the lawn of one of Hartford's splendid parks. This vacation school for tubercular children is conducted every day from 8 o'clock until 5 and has the following very interesting program: 8:00 A. M. special car leaves City Hall. 8:45-9:00 breakfast. 9:00-9:45, camp duties and play time. 9:45-10:00, gymnastics. 10:00-11:15 work period (basketry and sewing). 11:15-11.30 dressing for bath. 11:30-11:45, shower baths. 12:00-12:30, dinner. 12:30-12:40 cleaning of teeth. 12:40-1:00, reading stories. 1:00-2:00, rest and sleep, (out of the 32 children that day I was there 20 went to sleep and slept soundly). 2:00-2:30, play period. 2:30-4:00 work period. 4:00-4:30. cleaning up after work. Washing for supper. 4:30-5:00, supper. 5:00, car leaves for home.

This vacation school had been in operation ten days when I saw it and every child had gained from one and a half to three pounds. It was being supported by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society. During the winter the Hartford School Board maintains an outdoor school for tubercular children with the co-operation of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Just consider what an outdoor school all winter in New England involves. It is held in a tent with open sides and the children are provided with "sitting bags" which come up to their shoulders, sweaters, woolen caps and mittens, and do their work into temperature frequently not far above zero. Three meals a day for this school are

provided by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society and a program somewhat similar to the one outlined above, only with more school work, is carried out. The results have been most gratifying. The children have gained in weight and improved health and saved in a great many cases from tuberculosis.

3rd. There is just one more thing which I wish to report about Hartford and it also has to do with children. Indeed Hartford's strong point seems to be its determination to take good care of the rising generation. This last item has to do with the work of the Juvenile Commission. This is an official board apointed by the City to study conditions among the children of Hartford and to bring in recommendations for improving these conditions. Its most interesting piece of practical work has been the inauguration of a system of licensing street traders. Any one who has studied City life knows that one great evil is the presence of so many children on the streets selling papers and gum and following other street trades. The Child Labor Laws do not reach these children because they are not employed by anybody. Absurd as it may seem, they are not child laborers, but child capitalists—independent captains of industry! Hartford has solved the problem by passing an ordinance requiring all such children to hold a license from the Superintendant of Schools and to wear a badge entitling them to follow a street trade. Such licenses are not granted to any under 10 and to those between the ages of 10 and 14 only after they have convinced the Superintendent of Public Schools that they have attended school and made a creditable record. 400 of such licenses have been issued, 18 of them to girls. One good effect of this ordinance has been to reduce the number of girls selling on the street, for, by some unexplained sublety of feminine psychology, the girls will give up a street trade rather than wear a badge! The result of this law and of a very efficient Truant Office is that out of 22,000 children of school age, only 80 are not in school in Hartford and these are either mentally or physically disqualified.

FAILURE OR CONQUEST.

Too many of us make ourselves and others miserable by complaining of handicaps, of poor health, or poverty, or limited opportunity! For though these handicaps are sometimes real, often they are as imaginary as the infirmities of Mrs. Gradgrind of "Hard Times" fame, who was accustomed to preface almost every remark by some such phrase as, "Oh, my poor health!"

It is refreshing to turn from such complaints to the optimism of those who, in spite of handicaps so heavy as almost to justify them, one feels, in giving up the struggle to do anything, are yet serenely and cheerfully on their way, doing their work so helpfully and hopefully that many even of those who know them best are ignorant of the load they are carrying.

Not long ago a womn wrote anonymously to a Philadelphia daily newspaper to tell the readers how happy she was, and why. She had gone to work in a factory when she was 13 years old. After a few years she was married. Soon after her husband contracted consumption and the burden of the family's support was thrown on her. Because of rheumatism, she had to work with her right hand bandaged, and she could scarcely crawl to the factory. The husband died. Abcesses on the hand compelled the widow to relinquish work. Hand and foot had to be operated on; part of one foot and all of the right hand were taken away. She learned to write with her left hand. Her old employer kept her at work—he made up his mind that he could not do without the brave woman. Still, after all her suffering, she could declare herself happy.

"Happiness, I knew came from within," she wrote. "If I had not physical charms, I could at least be sweet and gentle. It is not for me to tell you that I have succeeded, but I do know that I am not unhappy. My great ambition is to keep this little home over our heads. It is a struggle, I will admit; but, oh, what a satisfaction to know that one is conquering! If I wished, I could worry over the fact that old age will be creeping on and nothing laid by, but I run away from such thought and leave it with God. Oh, I could not be unhappy when God gives me these beautiful seasons to enjoy, and a few friends who make me feel that I am of some use. Nature and books and nature in books are my greatest treasures."

In his recent biography of Alexander Macmillan, the publisher, C. L. Graves gives glimpses of the life of George Wilson, one of Mr. Macmillan's most intimate friends, who was " a splendid jewel in a shattered casket." "Half his life was spent in sickness or positive torture," he says. "He was constantly being blistered or cauterized or mutilated by the knife. Yet crippled as he was by the amputation of a foot, racked with rheumatism and enfeebled by repeated hemorrhages, living too 'in a houseful of invalids' with the shadow of the grave always hanging over it, he preserved an unconquerable gayety of heart, and crowded into his brief life an astonishing amount of work as student, teacher and writer. It was written of him that he always worked as though his days were numbered, and he left on record the noble saying, 'To none is life so sweet as to those who have lost all fear to die.'"

To Henry Kingsley, brother of the celebrated author of "Westward Ho!" Mr. Macmillan wrote of Mr. Wilson, who at the time of his death was professor of technology in the University of Edinburgh and director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland:

"Dear George Wilson has been a sufferer and a nobly patient one, for something like twenty years. He never flinched from the call of duty or friendship, though racking coughs and aching limbs were his almost constant companions. What the man accomplished with what was but the shattered shell of a human body, is to me and to all who knew him, wonderful. He was never out of temper or spirits, always the same genial, playful and yet earnest manner about him. He had made that Industrial Institute of Scotland almost wholly himself; corresponding and travelling to all parts of the country where can be found or heard anything that could add to the value of the collection and throw light on some point of industry or art. He delivered something like a dozen lectures weekly with lungs which most people would have considered barely adequate to the exertion of simple in- and exhalation. He had been burned with caustic, hot irons, cut with cutting instruments and lancets; and blistered in every imaginable way; he had a foot cut off with scrofula, was a martyr to sciatica, and rheumatism in every shape and form, had enlarged his spleen—indeed I don't know what he had not; as he himself used to say, he was copiously illustrated in cuts of all sorts. And yet he could accomplish all this and be ready to make a speech at a charitable institution or deliver a popular lecture almost whenever he was asked. But, indeed, he has gone to rest sorely needed, and, if it can be said of any man, which he has well earned."

And yet he never complained of his lot! Instead he

made life easier for those who were complaining of ailments that were as nothing to his.

The bulk of the world's work is not done by those who never have an ache or a pain or a burden of grief; it is not done by those whom the slightest difficulty leads to make bitter lamentation and unceasing demands on the sympathy of others. It is done by those who, knowing misfortune and sorrow and suffering, refuse to be downed, but struggle bravely, smilingly on, making of their handicaps stepping stones to a life of conquest.

Spurgeon paints well the courage of suffering in his quaint 'John Ploughman's Talk":

"A good man may be put in the fire, but he cannot be burned. His hopes may be drenched, but not drowned. He plucks up courage and sets a stout heart to a stiff hill, and gets over rough ground when others lie down and die. While there's life there's hope. Therefore, my frind, if you've tumbled off the back of prosperity, John Ploughman bids you not lie in the ditch, but up with you and try again."

It's that "try again" spirit which makes all the difference between failure and conquest.

John T. Faris.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Mayflower—There were received into membership at the communion service September 17th, three persons. Fifty new song books have recently been purchased for the Sunday school and church service. One hundred and fifty books have been added to the Sunday school library and a new concrete sidewalk has been laid in front of the church. The Rev. N. C. Gause has resigned. He accepts a call to the Congregational church of Sunnyvale and begins work there October 1st.

Redwood—The annual meeting of the church was held on Thursday evening, September 21ts. Dinner was served in the church parlors, to which 64 members and 25 invited guests did ample justice. The reports of the officers and various departments of work all showed good, and were a source of encouragement. The Treasurer's report showed only a small overdraft at the bank, and no indebtedness. A new plan of work was suggested by one of the trustees and adopted by the church, by which more of the membership will have especial interest in some one department of the work, and each doing his own work faithfully, more will be accomplished.

Santa Catalina—Mr. Martin, the pastor of the Congregational church, who has an article elsewhere in this issue in reply to Mr. Dawson, sent the following, at which the acting editor of the Pacific greatly rejoices in view of the fact that he is a decided advocate of the union of the saints in every common enterprise. This piece of courtesy is Christ-like, and the writer recollects that several times in his knowledge a similar courtesy was extended by our Catholic friends and why not in their case The Roman Catholics of Catalina Island are to build a large church, and the Congregational church there has tendered to them the free use of their house of worship till the new Catholic church is ready for use.

Richmond, San Francisco.—A committee composed of the deacons and trustees of the Richmond Congregational Church have presented to Dr. Cull the unanimous request of the members of that church that he reconsider his resignation from their pastorate and remain with them. The church meeting at which this action was determined had a very large attendance, being larger than the last annual meeting. Much pressure is being brought to bear upon the pastor that he reconsider and remain in the pastorate that has been so uniformly pleasant and uplifting. Dr. Cull has taken the matter under advisement.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Sunday evening the pastor gave the sixth in the series of addresses on "Seven Cities," the subject being, "Cleveland—Should the City Own a Farm?" The address was largely devoted to a description of the Cleveland Correction Farm, and the effort made there to reform prisoners by giving them wholesome outdoor work on a farm instead of locking them up in jail. Many city officials had been invited to be present by the Men's League. Mayor Mott, Chief of Police Wilson, Captain Peterson, Probation Officer Ruess, and a number of other leading officials were present. After the address Mayor Mott made a brief speech, endorsing the idea and by a vote of the congregation a committee of five, consisting of E. L. Ormsby, C. H. Eccleston, W. R. Thomas, O. Van Every and J. A. Bright, was appointed to take up the matter of interesting other civic bodies in the possibility of adopting for Oakland the farm system for prisoners.

San Francisco, First—Dr. Aked's Sunday evening lectures are bringing out crowded houses. There are two more in the series as follows: October 8, "The Gospel According to Bret Harte—the Unconquerable Goodness of Bad Men." October 15, "H. G. Wells: 'The Future in America.' " The Ladies' Aid held its first meeting of the season last Thursday afternoon. The Young People's Guild will meet next Friday night at 8 o'clock. There will be a most interesting discussion of "The Town Versus the Country." Dr. Daniel C. Farnham will speak on "The Call of the City," and Dr. Margaret B. Farnham will speak on "The Country Life Movement." The meeting will commence at 8 o'clock. The young people of the congregation, the young men and young women of all ages, are invited. It has been decided to call into existence a "Workers' Association." The organization will be of the most informal character. It will possess little or no executive power. It will meet for conference upon all the work of every kind on which the Church and its auxiliaries are engaged. It will meet once a month, and at each meeting a report will be expected from the secretary of every organization connected with the church. The association will meet at 6 o'clock. Dinner will be served promptly at 6:15. Reports will be presented and speeches made at the tables. A good dinner will be provided. A charge of 50 cents each will be made. Men and women are urged to come direct from business and to remain for the week-night service. The first meeting will be held next Wednesday.

Bethlehem, San Francisco.—Friday evening, Sept. 29, the church gave Rev. O. L. Corlin and family a farewell banquet, at which nearly every member and a large number of friends were present. To show their appreciation of him and his work, the following resolutions were unani-

mously passed: "Whereas, our beloved pastor, the Rev. O. L. Corbin, who, by his untiring zeal, has served our church and congregation faithfully and efficiently for more than four years, has decided to do Christian work in the northern portion of our state, and has under those conditions, of his own voluntary act, presented to our church and congregation his resignation as pastor thereof, and the same with sincere regrets has been accepted. Therefore, be it resolved, that this meeting of the congregation and friends of the church, gathered together in honor of Mr. Corbin and his family, express its sincere and due appreciation of Mr. Corbin and his estimable wife, for their zeal in propagating the Christian faith within the homes and portals of our congregation and among our community, and they have therefore proved themselves worthy toilers of the Master. Also, that we pledge our utmost faith in them, together with our prayers, for their continued success in their future as in the past, and also for their welfare and prosperity. Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be inscribed within, and made a portion thereof, of the church records."

CONNECTICUT PASTOR CALLED TO OAKLAND.

Rev. H. A. Jump to Fill Pulpit Left Vacant by Dr. C. R. Brown.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. Chas. R. Brown as pastor of the First Congregational Church, has been filled by Rev. Herbert A. Jump, of New Britain, Conn. Dr. Brown is now dean of Yale University.

The call for the new minister was formally made at a church meeting recently, at which the unanimous recommendation of the pulpit supply committee of nine in favor of Dr. Jump was presented and voted up by secret ballot.

The church session, at which 300 members were present, was organized by Chas. S. Greene, secretary. Cary Howard was selected as chairman. The committee's report was submitted by Chas. E. Keyes. Upon the ballot being taken 12 adverse votes were counted, but withdrawal was afterward made of all opposition. Among those who sent letters recommending Dr. Jump were President Hyde of Bowdoin College, Maine, where he had been pastor, and Rev. Chas. R. Brown.

The action taken was embodied in a formal statement and call, which was telegraphed last evening to Dr. Jump. His answer is expected within a day or two. Dr. Jump preached several sermons while in this city on a vacation trip recently. He has gained distinction in New England as a writer on sociological subjects, and he is an ardent worker in the cause of social and civic reforms. He has given much attention to such movements in his present field, notably in bettering life among the poorer classes. —Oakland Enquirer.

Seattle—We saw the following church news in the Seattle Daily Times of Saturday, September 23rd, of interest both to our Washington and our California readers:

Charles Sumner Nash, president of the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cal., who has been in this city during the past week in attendance on the annual state conference of Congregational pastors, will preach tomorrow in Seattle churches. In the morning he will deliver a sermon at the Keystone Congregational church, Keystone Place and North Fifty-seventh street, and in the evening at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Broadway and Republican street. Dr. Nash is assistant moderator of the National Council of Congregationalists.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith, one of the oldest and best informed missionaries now working in China, will speak before the afternoon meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association tomorrow on Oriental problems. Dr. Smith first went to China forty years ago under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. For the same board he recently made a tour of the empire for the purpose of studying conditions among the people. From this investigation came the material for his book entitled "The Uplift of China."

REPORT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

The thirty-seventh meeting of the San Francisco Association met with the Richmond Church, San Francisco, September 14, 1911. Rev. G. A. Charnock, of the Ocean View Church, San Francisco, was elected moderator, and Rev. Huber Burr, of the Sunday School Society, scribe.

The general theme of the meeting was "Optimism"; with three addresses scheduled for the afternon, thusly: "From a Pastor's Viewpoint," by Rev. L. B. Briggs, of the Bethany Church, San Francisco; "From a General Superintendent's Viewpoint," bp Superintendent L. D. Rathbone; and "From a Layman's Standpoint," by Deacon I. H. Morse, of the First Church, San Francisco.

Mr. Brigg's paper was a most exhaustive treatment of conditions which the church is called to face today; first showing the difficulties which exist, and the failures and discouragements which must be admitted. Notwithstanding which, he pointed out in clear and convincing fashion, the splendid achievements of the Church as grounds for rational optimism; and forcefully suggested remedies which if rightly applied might diminish the failures and discouragements to a minimum. Among the suggestions made, was that of two or three "Central" Churches, for such a city as San Francisco, with outlying missions, rather than attempting to maintain a greater number of weak and struggling churches. The suggestion did not meet with any opposition whatever, but rather, with hearty approval.

Rev. L. D. Rathbone, announced as the "Prince of Optimists," by his hearty endorsement of the preceding paper, as well as by his strong and earnest setting forth of facts, proved his right to the title, and increased the feeling of calm optimism which his and the preceding address aroused.

Deacon Morse recalled in most tender fashion, the names of the honored optimists of this association, whose voices we can no more hear, whose hopeful, enthusiastic spirits we do well to emulate; and, coming from the pew rather than from the pulpit, his words of hope and cheer were doubly worth.

The case of a needy brother minister, brought to our notice, raises the question, Ought it to be possible for a young brother to fall in the harness, and remain down and destitute, with wife and babies likewise in need of immediate assistance, and the churches without any adequate means or methods of relife? The appointment of a committee and raising of a small relief fund merely, in poor measure, takes care of the one case. Is it not matter for conference discussion and action?

The Richmond ladies will pardon the scribe for not attempting to describe the splendid hospitality extended by

them. His vocabulary does not permit.

The evening session was made most deeply spiritual from the beginning, by the devotional exercises, greatly strengthened by the help of the vested choir; and further deepened by a most earnest prayer by Rev. Joseph Rowell. May the scribe venture? Then, brethren! There is a wealth of spirituality about those prayers; yes, and the admonitions, too, which they contain, which I shall miss when that voice sounds no more!

The sermon by Rev. C. L. Mears, of the Alameda Church, aptly summed up the conclusions of the afternoon; re-inforcd them; clothed them with new beauty and power; and with increasing interest brought to its full, the determination to "measure up to the full stature of a man, in Christ Jesus."

With the singing of the recessional by the vested choir the association, throughout most cheerfully, hopefully and deeply spiritual, adjourned.

HUBER BURR, Scribe

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PROPORTIONATE BENEVOLENCE TO THE BAY ASSOCIATION.

As far as your committee has been able to learn, the present situation of proportionate benevolence of the Bay Association is as follows:

Of the churches in the Bay Association the following have accepted the apportionment suggested by the State Committee, are raising their benevolent offerings by the pledge system, and are sending in their offerings to the missionary societies quarterly: Berkeley, First and North, Niles, Oakland Pilgrim. The Following churches have accepted the apportionment, and are using the pledge system, but send in their offerings annually: Alameda, First, Oakland, Fruitvale and Plymouth.

During the last six months, Oakland, First has accepted the apportionment suggested and has made a great increase in its giving through a canvass for pledges. Owing to the difficulty of changing the method of offering for the American Board and Home Missions by special collections, the present system in Oakland First is a compromise plan, not entirely ideal. The payments on benevolent offerings are now to be made monthly, except in the case of the special collections.

Haywards has accepted the apportionment, and plans to raise it by special appeals. Oakland Fourth has accepted the apportionment, but has not gotten its system into effective operation.

The other churches of the Association have not yet been able to plan their benevolences in accordance with the suggestions of the State Apportionment Committee.

The Ideal of the churches is the amount suggested by our State Committee, to be remitted quarterly to each missionary society. Progress has been made toward reaching this goal, but many of the churches have not yet adopted the canvass for pledges and the stated sum for each society, while but few have taken up the quarterly payment plan. The importance of this for the regular support of the societies is very great.

The Bay Association raised more last year for all the societies than its total apportionment, but the percentages to the different societies were very irregular. To the Home Missionary Society, 96 per cent of its apportionment was given; to the American Board, 144 per cent; to the Building Society, 76 per cent, and to the A. M. A., 82 per cent. It is, of course, vital to the success of the Apportionment Plan that the churches should hold as far as possible to the suggested percentages for the different missionary undertakings of the church.

The apportionment for 1912 has just been issued to the States by the National Apportionment Commission, and will probably be ready for the churches in a month or two. The amount suggested by the National Commission for Northern California for 1912 is $45,600, compared with $39,500 apportioned last year. The apportionment to the churches is made by the State Committee, your associational committee having simply the duty of studying the situation of proportionate giving in the Association, and encouraging the adoption of the plans proposed by State and National Committees.

Literature on the Apportionment Plan may be secured from the committee, especially helpful being the pamphlet "A Shorter Catechism on the Apportionment Plan."

GEORGE W. HINMAN.

September, 1911.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF WASHINGTON.

The Conference met in Pilgrim church, Seattle, September 19th to 21st. Rev. P. B. Schrock made a most excellent Moderator, presiding with grace and precision. Among the notable features of the program were an address by Dr. Arthur Smith of China on "China's Future as Related to the Future of America," a series of five addresses by Professor William Adams Brown of Union Seminary, which presented in a masterly and sympathetically way the attitude of those who have accepted the newer view of things theological, and the closing address by President Nash of Pacific Seminary. Considerable time was devoted to Sunday school matters, Rev. J. H. Matthews, Superintendent for Washington, conducting a discussion on Religious Education; Rev. M. B. Fisher also spoke on this subject. A "Standard" for the Sunday schools of the State was presented, but owing to lack of time was referred to a committee for perfecting, the Pilgrim Standard being adopted as the basis. The Home Missionary Society had a large place also, and the laymen's afternoon was given up entirely to the discussion of Home Missionary matters. The main business of the Conference consisted of the adoption of a constitution for the Conference, which is to be incorporated and will carry on the work of the Conference as now constituted of the Home Missionary Society and hold and administer the funds now in charge of the Trustees of the Conference. There are some radical changes of proceedure in the new constitution, but after consideration of the various articles, it was adopted practically without dissent. Many feel, however, that after a year's experimentation and consideration several modifications will be made. It was also voted to recommend to the various associations that they divide themselves into smaller bodies. The suggested arrangement would produce twelve instead of five associations as at present constituted. Twenty-one Directors were elected, into whose hands an unusually large amount of work has been committed.

Ceres—Rev. J. M. Dick has organized a Sunday school here with an enrollment of twenty-five. This is a farming community, 11 miles south of Chehalis on the South Bend branch of the N. P. R. R.

REPLY TO THE ARTICLE BY MR. MARSHALL DAWSON ENTITLED:

"Concentration, or Expansion, in Home Missionary Work?"

By M. A. Martin.

The thoughtful article under this title in your issue of September 20 leads me to a few thoughts. That article speaks of a spiritless, feeble, inefficient church. An underpaid, discouraged minister. A dirth of virile, new blood for the work.

We will all recognize the above statements as truthfully describing our troubles, but what is the remedy?

The responsibility, for it all rests upon our laymen who are in the churches included in that description. Why is the responsibility theirs? First, because they run the churches (i. e.) pay the bills, hire and dismiss the preachers. Secondly, they are, under our system, the sole judge of a church's efficiency. Now, why are such churches permitted? because the laymen like it so. A real live church means work and sacrifice. The cry is everywhere heard, "Our ministers are not preaching the word." Who is to blame? Why, the church is of course. I know men preaching who had no message and some, too, who are unsound in the faith once for all delivered to the saints, but all this is true because the church likes to have such "preachers." Such men are allowed to continue and yet people who should control them and stop such treason to Christ, are heard to complain of inefficient churches and ministers lacking power.

An end may be put to all these things complained of by a faithful church of good converted people.

I want my own church to tell me when I show signs of loss of power through any cause so the cause of God be not hurt or made to suffer.

Catalina Island, Sept. 20, 1911.

The Home.

SUCCESS.

To work steadfastly with an upward aim,
To conquer wisely trials met;
With little use for anger or for blame,
The highest good from life to get;
To gather wealth not for its sake alone,
But for the good it helps to do;
To strike each morn a richer mental tone,
An onward press with courage new;
To hold in other hearts a sacred place,
To gladly helping hands extend,
To grow in beauty, spirit grace,
As through this busy world we wend;
To win the power to lead, to cheer, to bless
Our brother man—this constitutes success.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS AND CONFIDENT TOMORROWS.

It would be a very happy world if every one should adopt as his own the sundial's motto: "I record none but the hours of sunshine." Why should a wise person care to record any other kind? Do we hang unpleasant, uninspiring pictures on the wall of our homes to disturb the strength and serenity of our days and nights? Is it not even less to the purpose of true and high thinking to hang such pictures upon the walls of our memory where we shall be turning to them at all hours? When Edward Dyer, more than three centuries ago, wrote:

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,"

he did not have in his fancy a mind filled with unpleasant and uninspiring memories, but one in which were recorded the strong, beautiful, affirmative, uplifting recollections of good things accomplished and of hopes of other good things yet to be. No wise man will handicap his prospects of happiness and success by carrying about with him an assortment of unpleasant recollections. They are the most undesirable bundles of excess baggage on which one would have to pay charges, and with no hope of a return for the thought thus invested. Wordsworth says:

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

The two—cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows—go hand in hand, or at least, they are bound together by the purposeful, pleasant today that walks between them. No matter what may be the furnishings of one's material abode—the house in which he dwells—there is no good and sufficient reason why he should not make beautiful the palace of his mind with all the golden memories garnered from the years that have passed and the splendid hopes of the years to be. What a picture of fadeless beauty "The Daffodils" afforded Wordsworth, who so fondly and often turned to them "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." It is well for us occasionally to make a tour of thee halls of memory and examine the pictures that in one way and another have been placed there. If we find any that portray worry, envy, malice, jealousy, or any of the undesirable attributes of life, let us make way with them. And let us hang up in their stead pictures of happiness and hope and beauty and world-wide charity and all that counts for growth and strength and fadeless charm. Since it is possible for one to have such memory pictures as one will, nothing but the finest and best should be given a place in the halls of though.

Come, let us sit down and, face to face, talk it over and admit, each to the other, that in telling somebody else our "hard luck" stories we must necessarily reach one of two conclusions: they must unfeelingly let our words "go in one ear and out of the other," with no true sympathy intervening between the two to hold up our statements and tenderly consider them, or else they must be stirred and affected by our state and in some degree share in whatever is disturbing us. Now the question which arises is, Do we wish to produce either result indicated? It seems certain that to have our friends appear indifferent to our favorable conditions would prove disheartening, and, on the other hand, for us to make them feel disturbed would but serve to add to our lack of happiness. Sir John Lubbock says: "I cannot, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as the Happiness of Duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is the most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

It ought to be made a part of the ethics of good society that every man wearing a frown on his face should be expected to apologize for so doing to every one else whom he may meet. However, this is almost too much to expectt, since any man who would be gentleman enough to see to it that a well-merited apology was duly made is enough of a man to refrain from going about wearing a frown. In the first place he would not wear a frown on the outside even though he did feel them on the inside; and, secondly, he would be too much of a philosopher and a gentleman to permit them to exist on the inside. He certainly is a thoughtless or an unfeeling man whose facial expression is such that it says in a universal language that is more easily read than are words: "I've got a 'grouch' (and, of course, a purely self-made affair), a part of which I mean to thrust upon any and every one that looks at me." For that is precisely what "that sort of a face" does to all who must greet it.

Whitman says: "I have no patience with people who start out to blacken the face of the earth. Whether it is constitutional or what not with me, I stand for the sunny point of view—stand for the joyful conclusions. This is not because I merely guess: it is because my faith seems to belong to the nature of things, is imposed, cannot be escaped; can better account for life and what goes with life than the opposite theory." In all the history of the world there never yet has been brought forth anything like an adequate excuse for wearing a scowl.

Nixon Waterman.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HOUSE IS ORDER."

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Let us remember that it is next, and let us not sacrifice to it those godly qualities of patience, of hospitality, of cheerfulness.

The beauty of the house is order. When we come to order, we are immediately in the midst of a higher realm of things. Order is heaven's first law. The universe would dissolve without it. The woman who makes cleanliness her god is likely to produce a mightily uncomfortable home, but where order reigns, peace reigns, and comfort, and joyfulness. At least all the higher qualities have a chance to flourish. Here again we meet the contrast between the masculine and feminine point of view. Go down to your husband's law office, or to the office of his store or factory. You will notice at once the dust on top of the safe and the grime on the windows. But look! In comes a man who wants to know something about a transaction that took place 12 years ago. Watch your husband swing around in his revolving chair, run his finger down the length of a filing case, pull out the document required, and give his client the information needed. Could you locate your husband's last winter's flannels as quickly and accurately? What are all those filing cases and card catalogue indexes and rows of drawers with little alphabetical labels on them for? Why, so that your husband can relieve his mind from the burden of detail and have it free for the important projects he has on foot.

Are you trying to remember where everything in your house is? When there comes a sudden call for some article put away two years ago, does a worried frown come between your eyes? Do you hastily empty a trunk and drawer in a desparing search for the elusive thing? Well, no man could run a successful business in that way. Why, should we run our households without system as if they were synomymous. They are not, but the one involves the other. There can be no order, that is, fundamental order, without system, and where there is system, there is likely to be order.—Ex.

HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC.

The katydid has a wing that is very curious to look at, says Laura Roberts in "Four Feet, Two Feet and No Feet." You have seen this little green insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another wing. On this ridge there is a thin but strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead.

It is the rubbing of these two ridges or drumheads together which makes the noise you have heard. There is no music in it certainly. The insects could keep quiet, if they wished, but they must enjoy making the noise.

The katydid sometimes makes two rubs on its drumhead and sometimes three. You can fancy she says, "Katy did," "She did," "She didn't." The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the air tubes in the bee's quick flight.

THE HUMDRUM NEWS.

The "American Humdrum News" should be the most widely read paper in all this country. Did you ever see a copy? No—nor I—but just glance with me in imagination over the pages of one issue, just at the headings, if you please:

First Column Heading—10,000 Bank Cashiers have done their work faithfully for periods ranging from ten to twenty-five years.

Second Column Heading—100,000 Ministers of the Gospel are not scoundrels—they have labored all their lives with tireless unselfishness, faithful to their trust, faithful to their wives, faithful to their God.

Three-Column Large Type Heading—Twenty Million Married Couples in this country were not divorced last year.

Smaller Headings:

Five Million Laborer's kept sober all last year.

Eighty Million Citizens have not committed suicide.

Ten Million People made railroad trips in safety last week.

Would we buy the "Humdrum News'? No we wouldn't—we would believe in it, of course; we might even rejoice in it; but pay our good money for it—never!

But there is one thing that we can all learn from this never-to-be-published paper, to-wit: The front page of the modern newspaper does not reflect the real conditions of modern life. The reason why the news in the daily press is a record of crime and misconduct is because it is one case in a thousand. In small type in obscure corners, if at all, is the record of Humdrum Life—the life that you and I and the great majority of our fellows are doing our best to live.—Ex.

Our Young People

WHO WAS THE HAPPIEST?

It was a bright February day. The sun shining on the snow made it sparkle like diamonds. The sky was radiant, and the air full of frosty delight.

The boys of the Maynard Academy were out on the hillside, coasting. You might have heard their merry shouts from far away, as starting from the top of the hill, they went flying down its snowy surface, and across the broad meadow beyond.

The hero of the afternoon was Jack Harrington. His bob was the longest and went the farthest. All the boys were eager to have a turn with him; and his obliging disposition made him very popular.

On one of the return trips up the hill, Jack caught a glimpse of a sad face looking from the window of a cottage near by.

"I say, boys," he cried; "let's ask Tim Lawson to have a ride. I don't believe he ever has any coasting."

The others rather demurred. "He's so lame. You'd have to carry him up the hill," someone observed.

Jack paid no attention to this objection. Somehow he felt drawn by the longing look in the face of the lame boy. Striding across to the cottage, he threw a handful of snow at the window, calling cheerily:

"Come out, Tim, and have a coast."

Tim raised the sash, and leaned out, smiling, "Oh thank you, Jack! I've been watching you fellows all the afternoon. The going down would be easy fun; but coming up is the rub, you know," and the boy's pale face flushed painfully.

"Never mind about that," answered Jack. "There are enough of us to see you up all right. Just get ready and come along."

Kindness is contagious. The other boys now joined in the invitation so heartily that, almost before he knew it, Tim was out on the hillside, bounding through the snow on Jack's fine bob.

At the close of the afternoon it was a very different looking Tim whom the boys escorted back to the cottage, from the pale, sad-faced lad at the window. His eyes were sparkling, and his face aglow with happiness.

But the faces of his companions were even happier still; as, on the way home, they talked over a plan just formed; which, was, to take turns in drawing Tim to the academy on their sleds every morning.

"To think, boys, that he has been kept home from school because he couldn't walk through the snow!" exclaimed Jack.

And a look of satisfaction deepened in his face as he remembered the words—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Ex.

OUR DEAREST CAT.

Of all our cats Trip was the dearest. For twenty years cats have been our playmates. We have had black cats, maltese blue cats, gray and white cats, and striped cats; but Trip, the Tiger, was the best.

Trip was a natural hunter, a fetcher and carrier. We had been proud of the kittens that would play hide-and-seek with us, crouching behind the curtains to spring out at us when we passed, and of the tabbies that would jump jump through a hoop made of our arms. I had one pussy who would run to a certain chair at feeding time, station herself upon it, and sit up and beg like a little dog. Yes, and another who was miserable when his mistress recited French poems.

Then, there was Timmy,—oh, Timmy, what was your fate? He knew perfectly well that his mission was to amuse the family in the evening; and, when we were absorbed in talking or reading, or just sitting aimlessly about, he would walk deliberately to the middle of the room, look from one to another to gather every one's attention, and then begin to caper about, great cat though he was, and mouse under the rugs, and chase round and round after his tail until we were all laughing at him, and roused and gay. He liked to sleep inside of a large jardiniere near the fire place, and one afternoon his master, to show some friends how well Timmy fitted the bowl, curled him up and dropped him into it. Now, unseen by any one else, I had filled that jardiniere with water, intending to put in it the goldenrod and asters we had brought home. Timmy, soused and gasping, climbed out and dashed up stairs into hiding, leaving a long wet trail behind him. We found him and rubbed him dry, and petted him until his selfrespect returned; then he walked briskly back into the parlor, marched straight up to the master of the house, and gave him a smart slap upon the ankle as if to say, "Don't you do that again!" We are still mournful over the loss of Timmy,—he disappeared one day,—and the kitten we have now we call Timmy, too.

None of our cats has ever quite taken rank with Trip. Food was not Trip's object, and she did not care for petting or praise. Her little stunts were all done simply for the love of play. She liked a game. Some cats like one thing, some another, and they can be taught best along the line of their likings. Their talents differ. One understands human ways, another does not. Trip did; but she had her own ways, too, which I had to learn. She had her favorite playthings in the house, and, instead of just taking anything that came in her path, she would whip a spool from my work basket, or hunt the slipper,—grandmother's slipper, soft and woolly. The slipper was perhaps beside the bed. Trip would seize it and carry it out to the pansies. If we put it into the closet, she would mouse around until she found the door open so that she could slip in. Then we would see her suddenly spring out again with it in her mouth, her sleek head up, her green eyes shining.

She had claws and teeth as sharp as needles, and when I wanted a good romp with her, I used to draw a pair of gloves over my hands, to keep them from being scratched and bitten. These gloves Trip loved. One day when I was particularly busy, she found them, and lay biting them, and looking around saucily at me.

"O Trip," I said, "must I play with you?"

Certainly, I must, so I took the gloves, put on the right hand one, and as she seemed very impatient, tousled her with the left. Then I threw the left a few feet away, to see her pounce upon it. She pounced eagerly, and then, to my great delight, came back to me with it in her mouth. I tousled her again about the ears some more and threw it again. This time she found it, but kept it to play with all by herself That would never do. I took it from her and shut both gloves in a drawer. Play was over.

That evening I told the family what she had done, and took out the gloves to see if she would do it again. Instantly she raised her head with the wide-awake air of a creature expecting something to happen and waited while I put on the right-hand glove. I held the other for her to sniff at, then threw it from me. She darted to it, seized it, and proudly came back with it to lay it at my feet. Five or six times now she did the same thing, keeping her inconstant pussy mind fixed upon the one idea, which in itself is a hard thing for a cat to do unless she is after a mouse. When I saw that she was a shade less keen for it, I put the glove away and paid little more attention to her for that night.

On the next evening I tried it again. This time I threw the glove up on a chair. She leaped up after it and fetched it back as readily as before. I could then throw it to any chair or to any part of the room and have it fetched to me. The play with Trip became our regular after-dinner frolic; she would even perform with strangers in the room, but they disturbed her somewhat. She soon came to know the time for playing; and, if I forgot it or delayed in getting the gloves, she would walk close to my chair and look up wistfully into my face. I used to declare that, when I rose to get the gloves, she smiled. Cats certainly can show fear, pain, disappointment, and anger in their faces and Trip showed pleasure as plainly as her other feelings.

She was the most knowing thing. One evening when I threw the glove upon the sofa, it fell into the crack between the sofa and the wall. Trip burrowed for it, reaching a long arm down after it, and clawing it up. Then she fairly pranced with it back to me, she was so joyful at having succeeded in reaching it. I threw it upon the sofa again, but not into the crack. She jumped after it, but pretended not to see it, as cats will pretend not to see the thing they mean to take, and went to burrowing down into the crack again. I waited to see if she would bring it,—no she would not, she would still search the crack. So I quietly fetched it myself, and threw it where she wanted to find it. She was perfectly satisfied then, and quickly brought it to me as before.

After this the sofa became our chief playground. Trip, when she saw me putting on my glove, would rush to the sofa and wait beside it, watching for the throwing of the other. Her next step was to wait upon the sofa, instead of beside it, reach up to catch the glove upon the fly.

Finally,—now this is exactly what she did,—night after night, when I was ready to throw the glove, she would run to the sofa, mount to her place upon it, stand up upon her hind legs, and make ready with her front paws to catch that glove, just as if she were a child playing ball with me; then, having caught the glove, she would hurry with it to me, barely waiting for the tousling, and scamper back to the sofa to stand up again and catch it some more. She was a true playmate, intelligent and responsive. We have never had a cat like Trip.—Nina W. Tiffany in Christian Register.

THE RAINY-DAY VISITOR.

Probably Ernest was as scarlet as grandma's tomato pincushion by this time. Minnie watched the little rivers run down the garden path into the little lake at the gate. She sighed. Scarlet fever was the only thing Ernest had not divided with her in all the nine years of their twin lives.

Grandpa was asleep on the sofa with a newspaper over his face, grandma dozed in her easy chair by the fireside. It seemed as if they were always asleep. She thought of Mrs. Todd's baby who was always taking a nap when she wanted to take him riding. "People seem to sleep a good deal at the top and bottom of their lives," she said to herself, and sighed again.

Grandma sat up with a start. "Why, child," she exclaimed, picking up her knitting. "I must have closed my eyes for a second. I was just wondering," she went on briskly, smiling down at the doleful little face, "if you wouldn't like to read the diary your mother wrote when she was ten years old."

Minnie with wide eyes followed grandma to the bookcase. A mother only ten years old made one feel solemn. After a few minutes' search the book was found. It was of faded red leather with "Diary" printed across the back in gold letters. There was a red pencil tied to it with a ribbon that had once been blue.

As soon as she began to read Minnie forgot that it was raining, forgot that she was lonesome and homesick.

"Ester Brown and me are going to keep a dairy," it began. Minnie stopped reading. Could that possibly be Aunt Esther Brown, who lived at Waterlee, "our adopted aunt," as the twins called her?

"That is just who it was," said grandpa, waking up from his nap in time to hear Minnie's excited question.

She could hardly let the book go long enough to eat her dinner. At the very end of the book came the most exciting part. She was going slowly, to make it last as long as she could, when she read this:

"Ester Brown and me are to old to play with dols eny more, so we are going to put our paper dolls all in the seekerit drawer of the old sekeitaree, and never look at them again. Cross you're herte and hope to di."

"Grandpa, grandma, grandpa!" cried Minnie, dancing up and down. "Is there a secret drawer in the secretary?"

"Yes, yes," said grandpa, rubbing his chin. "Let me see. Pull out the second drawer from the top. It's right in back of that."

Minnie did so, trembling with excitement. She found a little narrow drawer, but it was empty.

At the sight of her disappointed face, grandpa came to her help. They hunted for half an hour, but no other secret drawer could they find. They were about to give it up, when grandma, who had joined in the seach, said suddenly.

"Father, didn't she mean the old secretary? You know we bought this one the spring after she was nine, and she and Esther had the other in the attic to play with."

Up into the dark, musty attic went the three. There in the dormer window stood the secretary, covered with dust and cobwebs. If Minnie had hard work to keep from screaming downstairs, she had harder work now, as at last grandpa opened the secret drawer, and handed her a pile of what seemed to be dusty papers.

It was indeed the paper doll family put there so long ago by the two little girls.

When they were dusted they appeared as good as new, and Minnie spent the rest of the day playing with them. She laughed and laughed at the queer style of the clothes they wore. At bed time when she gathered them up, she said to her grandmother: "It was just like having my little girl mother came to play with me."—S. S. Times.

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thought
To temper and refine it,
Each plan a higher planner
To consider and define it,
Could we but win that subtle grace,
Discretion pure and real,
Far nobler then would be our lives,
And nearer the ideal.

—A. Judson Sage.

The tallest of tall buildings—the Singer tower, with its height of 612 feet, and the Metropolitan tower, just 700 feet high, are to be eclipsed by the Woolworth Building, now under construction at Broadway and Barclay St., New York, whose final will be 750 feet above the street level. There will be 30 stories in the main building, above which a tower 85 feet square will rise for another 25 stories.—Scientific American.

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